Romeo. Is loue a tender thing? it is to rough,
Too rude, too boiſtrous, and it pricks like thorne.
Mer. If loue be rough with you, be rough with loue
Prick loue for pricking, and you beat loue downe,
Giue me a caſe to put my viſage in,
A viſor for a viſor, what care I
What curious eye doth quote deformities:
Here are the beetle browes ſhall bluſh for me.
Ben. Come knocke and enter, and no ſooner in,
But euery man betake him to his legs,
Ro. A torch for me, let wantons light of heart
Tickle the ſenceleſſe ruſhes with their heeles:
For I am prouerb'd with a graunſire Phraſe,
Ile be a candle-holder and looke on,
The game was nere ſo faire, and I am dun.
Mer. Tut, duns the mouſe, the Conſtables owne word
If thou art dun, weele draw thee from the mire
Or ſaue you reuerence loue, wherein thou ſtickeſt
Vp to the eares, come we burne day-light ho.
Rom. Thats not ſo.
Mer. I meane ſir in delay,
We waſte our lights in vaine, Lights Lights by day:
Take our good meaning, for our Iudgements ſits,
Fiue times in that, ere once in our fine wits.
Rom. And we meane well in going to this Maske,
But tis no wit to goe.
Mer. Why may one aske?
Rom. I dreampt a Dreame to night.
Mer. And ſo did I.
Rom. Well, what was yours?
Mer. That dreamers often lye.
Ro. In bed a ſleepe while they doe dreame things true,
Mer. O then I ſee Queene Mab hath beene with you:
Shee is the Fairis midwife, and ſhee comes in ſhape no bigger
then an Agat ſtone, on the forefinger of an Alderman, drawne
with a teeme of little atomies, ouer mens noſes as they lie a-
ſleepe: her waggon ſpokes made of long ſpinners legs: the couer
of

of the wings of graſſe-hoppers, her trace
web, her collers of the moon-ſhines wa
Crickets bone, the laſh of Philome, her
coated Gnat, not halfe ſo bigge as a rou
from the lazie finger of a man. Her Cha
nut, made by the Ioyner ſquirtell or old
the Faries Coach-makers: and in this ſta
night, through louers brains, and then t
Courtiers knees, that dreame on Curſ
fingers who ſtrait dreame on fees, ore L
kiſſes dreame, which oft the angry Mab
becauſe their breath with ſweet meates
ſhee gallops ore a Courtiers noſe, and th
ling out a ſute: and ſomtime comes ſhee
tickling a Parſons noſe as a lies a ſleepe,
other Benefice. Sometime ſhee driueth
and then dreames hee of cutting forrain
ambuſcados, ſpaniſh blades: Of healths
then anon drums in his eare, at which he
being thus frighted, ſweares a prayer or
this is that very Mab that plats the m
night: and bakes the Elflocks in foule
once vntangled, much misfortune bodes
This is the Hag, when Maids lie on their
That preſſes them, and learnes them firſt
Making them women of good carriage:
This is ſhee.
Romeo. Peace, peace, *Mercutio* peace
Thou talkſt of nothing.
Merc. True, I talke of dreames:
Which are the children of an idle braine,
Begot of nothing but vaine phantaſie:
Which is as thin of ſubſtance as the ayre
And more inconſtant then the wind, wh
Euen now the frozen boſome of the Nor
And being angred puffes away from ther
Turning his ſide to the dew-dropping S

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